

To the Honorable Colvnel Rog
A well of Read in Genl. Long.

Sir

These Papers falling into my
Hands ; upon Perusal of them,
I conceived they were (with
the License of Admiralty)
the property of Colvnel Long. And
as I have no objection to their being
so far as you will, so
recommend them to you, I will hold to the
your Name, I hope you will be pleased to
pardon my boldness, and accept thereof as
a grateful acknowledgement of your many
kindnesses to me. Sir, With my Prayers
for the continuall of the good health and
all Yours, I

Servt.

2080 Go: many III.

The Worlds Anotomy
Chymical OR,
Reasons Diswading from the love of
this World. *Book*

Y^E more then Nimrods, whose ambition lies
Beyond the pitch of mortal Monarchies,
Whom earthly Kingdoms cannot satisfie,
Without attempting Joves great Emperie,
Whose onely aym, is onely to be great, (seat;
When great ones Kings, when Kings in Gods own
Wh^t count it sport to clime to Golden Thrones,
By stayres of batter'd skulls and scatter'd bones.
Ye wanton Dames, that in lascivious laves,
In stead of Prayer, sing wanton Flora's prasse;
And for your Bibles, gaze in looking-glasses,
Your curl'd perfumed locks, and painted faces;
Ye Chamber Champions, and soft carpet Knights,
That with variety of vain delights,
With sporting, courting, dancing, feasting, play,
And wanton Waltance spend bothe night and day;
Ye Babel builders, whose cloude rising Towers,
Do proudly seem to dare heavens chrisall boweres;
Ye that on Neptunes surging billows hurl,
Sack Golden Prizes in another world:
Ye, ye, that lul'd a sleep with Midas Treasures,
And overwhelm'd in streams of worldly pleasures,
Boast on this world, as on your chiefeft bits;
Loe, hear how vain, how vile a thing it is:

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The Worlds Anatomy.

What though it boast of Pleasures, pomp, & gloss,
Wealth, Beauty, Fame, tush, all's but transitory,
No worldly happiness, doth long remain,
But being got, is quickly lost again.
What is the best that this world giveth to man?
But like a Cloud, a shade, a dying Swan,
A Jonas Gourd, a Post, a Dream, a shower,
A Tale, a Blast, a Race, a Summers Flower?
The Cloud doth vanish, and the Shadow flies,
The Swan singes this hour, and the next hour dies;
The Gourd soon withers, and the Post doth hast,
The Dreams forgotten, and the Shower is past,
The Tale is ended, e're it's well begun,
The Blast is over, and the Race is run,
The freshest Flower quickly doth decay,
And this is the world's best things, soon pass away.
If Heavens was old, and all the Spheres above?
With rowling course, in time shall cease to move:
If Sun, and Moon, and Stars, shall lose their light;
If gladsome day, shall turn to a comp'ny night;
If Rocks from Top to Toe, shall rent for fear,
And craggy Mountains, all in sunder tear;
If Man and Beast, shall into dust return,
If all the world, with flaming fire shall burn;
If time it self, in time, shall cease to be,
What worldly thing, can have Eternity?
That, never too much prized, Solomon,
For matchless Wisdom, and for Wealth alone,
Surpassing all that wore the Diadem,
And swaid the Scepter in Jerusalem;
Pea, as when Phoebus Beams appear in sight,
They quite obscure fair Cynthia's borrowed light:
Those sparklin; Lamps of Earth bright Canopy,
Do hide themselves in black Obscurity.

note The Worlds Anatomy.

As all ashamed, but once, to shew their face,
Where such a glorious beauty comes in place;
So where he did appear to mortal Eye,
All earthly glory, seem'd but beggerte :
Silver he had, in such abundant store,
That it was valued, in his time, no mere
Then stones, Gold was as common as the sand
That gilds and paves the swift Euphracean Strand,
Two hundred Targets, famous to behold.
Three hundred Shields he had of beaten Gold :
With beaten Gold o're-lay'd, an Ivory Throne,
The like ne're seen in any Nation ;
And four thousand Horses in his Stable,
Twelve thousand Chariots, horsemen answerable,
Seven hundred Wives, three hundred Concubines,
And Gardens, Orchards, Vineyards, store of wines,
Of Trees, of Herbs, of Fruits varietr,
Of Musicks Consorts, sweetest harmony :
His vessels were of Gold, most admirable,
His Plate and Jewels were innumerable,
Six hundred Talents for his Annual summe
And sixty six, did to him yearly come,
Besides that which th' Arabian Kings did bring,
And others mo, to this renowned King,
A thousand thirty seven and hundreds nine
Quarters of purest Meal, and Flower fine,
With thirty Oren, and an hundred Sheep,
Did but a day his House with Vtual keep ;
Besides Roe Bucks, and Harts, and Fallow Deer,
With facted Fowle, such was his dayly Chear :
Bea, in a word, all that to comprehend,
Wherein whole Volumes I full well might spend
In Sacred Word, he plainly hath us told, *OK*
That from his heart no joy he did with-hold :

A 4. on a day

Met

with my best
W. G. S. 1618. 5. 16. 1618.

The Worlds Anatomy.

Yet when that he had full experiance,
Of all this present worlds chiefe Quietence,
From his experiance, he doth teuisse,
That all these Worldly things, are Vanity.
As in a Summers Morn when Phœbus bright,
All like a sumptuous Bridegrom, richly dight
With glittering Gold, doth from his chamber come,
Resoycing as a Gyane his course to run :
When beautious Flora from her flowry bed,
Fragrant perfumes throughall the aire hath spred,
And pleasant Zephirus, with his gentle Gales,
Hath fanned coolenes through the shadie Walkes;
All creatures then rejoyce, the lovely Swain
Whers his skipping flock along the plain,
And whilst his harmless Sheep quietely feed,
Hys Piping sweetly on an Oxen Reed,
The Peatheard calls his Drude each corner rings
Through every field with their loud bellowing,
With rural Notes the Plowman tunes away,
The painful labour of the pleasant day :
May's harmless Quiristers through their shrill throats
Fill old Silvanus Bowers with sugred Roastes;
Each bale, each banch, each hollowe cave, each spring,
With sweet resounding Echo's sweetly ring,
But e're the Sunnes his mid-day course hath run,
A thick congealed exhalation,
All on a suddain damps his gladsome light,
And through the Shires a face of sable Night,
With gloomy darkness sits, all headlong rusheas
A raging boisterous whirlwind, down it pushes
The hardest Oakes, and with his furtous blasts,
Whole clouds of dust, up to the Welkin castes,
Tosses the Pippes, tumbles up the Flocks,
With fearful roaring, rageth through the Woods,

Collin Day 1599

All

The Worlds Anatomy.

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All topse turby turns, fierce fier y flashes
Dazel our eyes with their redoubling clashe^s,
That all appears on fire, lowd roaring Thunder,
Hurls, tosses, tumbles, tears the Clouds asunder,
Batters our buildings with his dreadful Hocks,
Lowers the Mountains, shakes the craggy Rocks,
Makes th'earth to tremble, and the Ocean roare,
Swell, rage, and fume, for fear against his shoare
The spoungy Clouds, all violently throw
A hideous Tempest on the Earth below,
That well's the wight, that can a place espy,
Whether for shelter he may lonest fly ;
Even thus, the Sun-shine of our greatest bliss,
Into a forme of woe soon turned is.
How flourisht Job ? How did his glory shine ?
With boundles limits through the Easterne Clime,
The swet' & content on Earth, his loving wife
Add swet content to his contentful life ;
His child:en ten, his table round about,
Like Olive-branches late ; a mighty rout
Of Oren, Asses, Camells, Sheep had he,
Of Men and Maids, great was his family,
Through all the East, a greater was not found,
Not one that did in wealth, like Job abound :
But see, how soon, all his great happiness,
Is dash'd and turn'd to woful wretchedness,
As if that fortune him decreed to make,
A perfect patterne of her sickle state :
His Children suddenly were slain each one,
His Oren, Asses, Camells, Sheep all gone,
His cattered body all is over-spread,
With sores and loathsome biles from toe to head,
And on a stichy stinking dunghil thrown,
Where he laments his case with pitious moan ;

His

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His kinsefolk, Friends, acquaintance him abhor'd,
Of whom he was -but yesterday -ador'd ;
His ser vants now will not vouchsafe to know him,
That th'other day with cap and knæ came to him ;
And that which most of all might pearce his heart,
Of all his restless grief and painful smart,
His wife that should his only comfort be
In his distress, bids him, Curse God, and die ;
Distraught his breath, and strangely looks awry,
Or looks upon him with a scornful eye,
Though for his Children sake he did intreath her,
And with kind speeches lovingly did greet her ;
Ah wretched Man, earst bath'd in earthly bliss,
How is thy happy state transform'd ? How is
Thy case forlorne ? when neither friend nor brother,
Nor sister, kinsman, servant, one nor other,
Nor yet thy self, nor second self thy wife,
Affords the least of comfort to thy life ;
How wretched life, so soon is all the glory,
Of this vain world, turn'd to a Tragick story.

Beauty.

Alas what's Beauty ? it's not a fading flower
That's often bloom'd, and blasted in an hour ?
How small a time of sickness spoils that fashion,
That once was held in wondrous admiration ?
Decrepit Age, disfigures quite the feature,
Deforms the fashion of the loveliest Creature ;
And when we once shall leave this worlds aboard,
Death makes us uglier, then the ugliest Toad :
Where's now fair Hellen, Paris only joy,
Whose lovely Beauty caus'd the sack of Troy,
Batter'd her walls, her bulwarks overthrown,
Tore down her towers, her sumptuous buildings burn'd
Murther'd

The Worlds Anatomy.

Wurther'd her worthies, fill'd her streets with blood,
That now it scarce appears where Troy Town stood.
Wher's now that face, that like the spangled skies,
Dazled the light of each beholders eyes ?
Where are those eyes, those perfect circulars,
That once in Beauty parallel'd the Stars ?
Where are those locks, once like Apollo's Rayes,
When fair Aurora first his face displayes ?
Where are those breasts that once appear'd in show
Like bubbling fountains that with Nectar flow ?
Where are those Cheeks, as fair, as sweet as posies,
Of milk white Lillies, mixt with Damask Roses ?
Where are those ruddy Lips that seem'd to be
Much fairer then the blushing Strawberry ?
Where are those Hands, those Hands as white as
The fairest Swans that ever sung in Poe ? (snow,
Those locks, those lips, those eyes, those cheeks, þ face
Those breasts, those hands have lost their beauteous
They're all deform'd with canker filth & rust, (grace,
Wither'd, consum'd, all rotten, turn'd to dust :
Pea, where are all those beauteous Damsels now,
On whom Dame nature matchless skill did show ?
The radiant splendor of whose sparkling eyes,
My Muse to blazen, dare not enterprize,
For fear of staining it, such curious skill
Befts a Pensil, not an Artless Quill :
Where are they all ? to Dust all turned are,
Ten thousand times more foul, then they were fair.

Greatness.

A so no less frail is Greatness, highest Rocks
Soonest are batter'd with the Thunder shocks,
Heavens angry brow, his dreadful vengeance powers
With fatal stroke, on proud aspiring Towers,
Whilſt

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Whilſt Beggers Coates, that lyſ in dust obſcure,
From heavens ſell cage, lyſe (thouſh in dust) ſecur
The bluſting winds, tall Cedars oþerthow,
When humble Shrubs ſecurly ſtē below:
The Golden Calfe, one day's ador'd as God,
Next daſh to piecēs, all to poþerē croſ: G
Ho mighty Monarchs are through forſunes froſh
To baſe diſhonour often hurled down.
How great was Hamon's honour, when in place,
Next to the King, himſelf advanc'd he was?
Prefeſt'd before his Noble Princes all,
Hoſt'd, crouth to, honour'd, boſt of great & ſmall
One day, to Royal, was his Dignity,
Next day, he hang'd upon a Gallows Tre. D
Alas, their numbers infinite almoſt,
That habe on forſunes fickle wheal been loſt;
With chirt near dead, one to his foe gives up
His Army, Kingdom, Self, for one ſmall Cup
Of heartleſs water: Another's hurld abone
Within an Iron Cage his Realme throughout;
One gets his living with a manual Trade,
From doo' to doo' another beggs his bread:
One, ends his daies within an Hermite Cell,
Another is a Hercon, tol'rs the Bell:
One, for his Subjects, doth in Schoole command
Wurly Boyes, his Scepter new's a wand:
Pea, ſeveny Kings, with Toes cut off & Thumbs,
Under an others Table fed on crums:
These, these, that once puissant Princes were,
And mighty Actions queld with awful fear,
Whose brows a Diademe did once adorne,
Were made the Objēt of contempt and ſco;n:
O: grant, thy Greatness fail not here, thou muſt
At laſt, lyſ all thine honour in the dust.

Grea

To the note
251 mm. 2. 1. 16

The Worlds Anatomy.

Great Alexander, like the swifte wing'd Sun,
Doth all the world with Conquest over-run ;
Yet all the world contenting not his mind,
New Travais undertakes, new worlds to find ;
But finding none, all disconcented weeps,
Wishing the surging Seas, and silent deeps
Were solid earth, he with imperious hand,
All other Kings as Massals did command,
Seeming herein to parallel great Jove,
Hole King below, as he sole King above ;
Yet then pust up with more then mortal pride,
By all means labour'd to be Deisde :
This matchless Monarch with a cup of wine
Was popson'd suddenly, even in the prime
Of all his happiness, and being dead,
His body naked, and unburied.

Lay many dayes e're he could get a Grave,
A favour which the poorest Beggers have ;
Which having got, in seben foot space he lies,
Whom living, all the world could not suffice :
He that even now with one small crown could make
Millions of men with awful fear to quake,
Now breathless lies, and's made a stepping stone,
By basest creatures, basely trampled on.
The greatest Prince whose boundless sovereignty,
Through all the world extends both far and nigh,
Must to a narrow scaneling once returne,
And be confin'd within an earchen cage ;
His noble Consorts, and Attendants all,
That once did wait in port Majesticall
Upon his Highness, all will then be gone,
And he himselfe left desolate alons
Within a sinking darksome grade, whers he
With crawling worms shall soon devoured be :

Alas,

Summer. Summer.

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Alas, alas, what difference is there then,
Betwixt the greatest, and the meanest men ?
The difference then is none ; Death equals all,
Kings, Captains, Princes, Peasants, great & small
As in some Grove where old Silvanus Court,
Midst thousand shady bowers, and arbours sport,
Here brambles crawling lye upon the earth,
Gouring the breasts of her that gaue them birth ;
There towering Trees aloft do proudly rise,
As scorning Earth, they aim'd to scale the Skies
Out-daring Boreas blasts, and winters cold,
Others are seen the middle ranke to hold,
As if the lowest room they held disgrace,
Nor yet ambitious of the highest place,
Would with the merry mean, contented be
From beggers scorns, and great mens envy tree ;
But when these Trees are once cut down & burn'd
And all confusedly to ashes turn'd,
What difference is there then, and who can show,
Which were aloft, which middle, which below ?
So in this world some bear a princely port,
Some beggers are, some of the middle sort ;
But in the Grave, what difference doth appear,
When all alike to Dust consumed are ?

aubj 5 Fame.

Be not vain man, although swift winged Fame
Hath so proclaim'd thine earth admired name,
That every corner through the spacious bounds,
Of this whole Universe thy praise resounds,
For even the most resplendent Fame may be
Quickly obscured with black infamy :
As Lightnings sends bright flashes far and nigh,
Which into darkness in a moment dye :

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Which all the furtous stormes of Tyrants rage,
 Could never quench, nor ever yet aswage ;
 Tyrants may rob us of our loving wifes,
 Our lovely children, and our dearest lyes,
 Of all our substance : but not fire, nor chains,
 Nor sword, nor famine, nor a thousand pains,
 Nor men, nor death, nor Devils ever can,
 Of this true Joy, dispossil the Christian man,
 But spite of all, 'twill his companion be,
 Whether he wake, or sleep, or live, or dye :
 For as the Laurel Tree is alwayes seen,
 In winters coldest storms, both fresh and green,
 When other Trees all naked do abide,
 Disroabed quicke of all their Summers pride :
 So, when vain worldlings in their misery,
 Sink down with sorrow, faint, despair, and dye ;
 The godly then most truely joyful are,
 Their sorrow with their joy cannot compare ;
 Which made the ancient Martyrs smile and sing
 In mid'st of flames ; A true, though wondrous thing
 No other Joy endures, but soon is past,
 And in sharpe sorrow alwayes ends at last.

Riches.

What if thou shouldest with wealth so much abound
 As thou hast boundles scopes of endles ground ?
 Thousands of Garners with each kind of grain,
 All fully cram'd and stufte : A myghty Train
 Of hopeful Heards, and many a spacious Gould
 Of stately flocks, huge heaps of masse Gould ?
 What if thou had'st of every thing such store,
 That 'twere impossible to wish for more ;
 All this mighs wast, and soon to nothing come,
 As snow-balls are dissolved with the Sun ?

many more many more
The Manly
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Even he that of the greatest wealth may boast,
Hath nothing got, but what another lost ;
And though the same he ne're so highly prize,
His fall e're long, must make another rise.

The mighty Darius, that once to redeem
His Mother, Children, and his captive Queen,
Profer'd to Alexander so much Gould,
As all his Land of Macedon could hould,
Was after forc't, his fortunes were so low,
To beg a draught of water of his Foe.

Or yeeld perchance, our Riches do not leave us
Whilst we live here, yet death will quite bereave us
And strip us of them all ; what we obtain
In life, in death we're sure to lose again.

Great Saladine, before whose Conquering hand,
No force of force was able long to stand ; (guish,
Surpriz'd at last with sicknes, through whose an-
When all his vital powers, he felt so languish,
That he perceiv'd well his Glals was run,
His time expr'd, his fatal hour was come ;
He call'd his Chieftain, and in open stræt,
Had him display, A silly winding Sheet
In stead of Ensignes, Then aloud to cry,
Now great Victorious Saladine must dye.

Of all his Conquests, nothing he hath left,
Saue this poor Sheet, of all els he's bereft :
For as the Spyder to insnare the Fly,
From her own bowels, weabedh curiously
A slender webb, with restlesss toyl and pain,
Wherof e're long, she is bereft again.
The huswife neatly dressing up the Room,
Sweeps in an instant all her labours down :
Or as the silly Ass, though all day long
Loaden with Gould, yet when the night doeth come,

Is stript of all, and with his galled hide,
Into a stinking stable, turn'd aside.
Even thus, both night and day poor silly Elves,
With restless labour, we turmoil our selves
For worldly wealth; but when our vital breath
Once leaves our bodies, then relentless death
Sweeps all away, strips us of all we have,
And turn's us naked into a stinking Grave;
For since into this world we nothing brought,
As reason is, we hence must carry nought.

Quan. Friends. Quan.

Nothing in all the world can I commend,
Nor matchless worth, like to a faithful Friend
Thou unto him, as freely may impart,
As to thy self, the secrets of thy heart:
When all forsake thee, he will faithful be,
As well in want, as in prosperity;
Come weale, come woe, he with true sympathy,
Will sigh, or sing, or live, or dye with thee:
But such Friends are (alas) almost as rare,
As coale black Swans, or Fishes in the Ayre,
Search all the world, and thou shalt hardly find,
A man that bears, a true, and constant mind:
It's strange to see how some can kindly greet,
With Apish Complements, each one they meet;
They'll cong'y, kiss, colleague, sooth, fauine, & smile,
Wherewith poor silly Gulls, they oft beguile;
And with a thousand such like sugred charmes,
Most courteously embrace them in their armes:
(But one poor handful I had rather see,
Of faithful Love, then of this courtesie
Ten thousand armefuls;) then they'll vow & swear,
Dearly protest, thou art to them more dear

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Then

*I am unmasl. tim'dun
A Cup or a Dose.*

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In

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Then all the world; yea, and to do thee good,
They will not stick to spend their dearest blood,
Themselves, their whole estate, both house & land,
Body and goods, are all at thy command:
When yet, for all this flourish, their intent
Is no such matter, onely Complement.
Others there are, that sooth with friendly words,
Yet wound more deadly then a thousand swords,
They'll shew all tokenes of a faithful Friend,
When they most hellish villany intend;
They'll, like a flattering Syren, sing and smile,
Or mourn, and weep, much like a Crocodile;
Sooth, like false hearted Joab, and they will
Kill like damn'd Judas, when they mean to kill.
How many noble Kings have been betray'd?
Bloody butcher'd, and a Prey been made
By those false-hearted fawning Parasites,
Whom they have made their chiefeſt Favorites;
Safet it were, ten thousand times to be,
Assaulted with an open Enemy;
Yea, safer far to meet with Lyons, Bears,
Wolues, Tygers, Leopards, Panthers, Bears who
Then with this Hypocrite, from th'm I may, (tears
Defend, or hide my self, or run away:
But when my Gypde, and my Companion dear,
My wosome Friend, that doth both see and hear
My ſecret Council, whom I love and truſt,
And think to be as fatchful, true and iuſt
As mine own ſoul; I ſay, when ſuch a one
Houſpeaſeſſ aymes at my Dēſtruction,
How can I ſcape? Alas, what remedy
Can be devis'd againſt ſuch Treachery?
Oh that ſuch false Difſemblers, were as rare,
As faithful Friends, and men true hearted are:

But

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But since they're not, I wish they may amende,
Or like their brother Judas, make their end.
Others make shew of love and duty, where
They doe not truely love, but onely fear :
Thus comes the Tenant, to his racking Lord
With Cap and Bæ, and many a humble word,
God bless your Wership, Sir, God send you health,
God prosper long your dayes, maintain your wealth ;
When he could rather wish him hang'd, so he,
From his oppression, might but then be free.
The world besides, is full of Pocket friends,
Whose friendship onely to their Profit tends,
Great Pens, Purse-leeches, bain of Princes Courts,
To such, this ravenous Vulture-brood resorts :
But if they chance to fall of wanted Prey,
Soon take them to their wings, and fly away :
When once they see they can expect no more,
They are no longer, what they were before ;
Else, Leech-like, often suck up in the end,
The Estate of those, on whom they do depend :
So doth the worme, in time, consume the Tree,
Whereto it breeds, and so unnaturally,
Wpers devours their Darnes ; so, so, they say,
Action, to his Dogs, became a Prey :
And so brave Gentlemen prove beggers, when,
Their base, base Bayiffs, do prove Gentlemen :
While fortune smiles, Friends every where abound,
But frown it once, scarce one is to be found ;
No, then they'l all forsake us : So the Mouse,
Feeds in full Barnes, flees from the empty house :
Shadows in Sun-shine, with their bodies stay,
The Sun once Clouded, vanish quite away :
Swallows in Summer sing ; but Summer gone,
Away these Summer-singing Birds are flowne : Most

The Worlds Anatomy.

Most now a dayes are such like Summer friends,
Their Summer friendship, with the Summer ends.

Favour of Great Men.

How often, and how freely, blessed Lord ?
Doest thou vouchsafe, in thy most sacred Word,
To promise all, that will but com: to thee,
Thy gracious favour so eternally,
That neither Death, nor Hell, nor all the roun
D: hellish soes, shall ever work them out.
Had yet, (O strange) how much more many prize,
To be esteemed gracious in the Eyes
Of Mighty Men ? How earnestly they labour ?
Neglecting the heavens Lord, to get the favour
Of earthly Lords, whose favour is but vain,
Hard to be gotten, harder to retain :
A Peasant, by some mighty Man advanc't,
But to a Bayliwick, and countenanc't ;
How highly raps'd he seemes ? How doth he deem
Himself, some Great Man, in his own esteem ?
How big he looks, as well speak to my Lord,
As to his Baylifship ; but move a word,
How he besirres himself ? How he tormentes
The poor Racket Tenants for their merciments ?
Bones, Capons, Kents ; he rages, fumes & fares,
Swears, curses, threatens, bawls, bawls, stamps, &
Drives, pounds their Cattel, & so domineers (stares,
A mongst the Tenants, with the stow he bears,
That what he layes, or does, all currant is ;
Who is he, that dare say ought's amiss ?
None dare displease him ; but well blest is he,
That can but in his love, and favour be :
This big Bum-Bayly, with a Knabish trick,
Is catch'd e're long, and from his Bayliwick

faouer of

Thomas Browne
The Worlds Anatomy.

At once Cashier'd, and not alone displac'd,
But with his Lord and Master, quite disgrac'd;
The Tenants with the News, all ravished,
Shout, clap their hands, and sing, The Devil's dead;
Of all he's gaz'd at, like a very Owl,
Lookt at by those, whom once, he did controul;
So that with sorrow, the discontented Else,
He's ready every hout to hang himselfe.
An other, having spent the very prime,
Best of his dayes, and flower of all his time
In some Mans Service, hopes to be rewarded
With some good fortune; but then unrewarded
For some small cause, he knows not well wherefore,
His Cloaks pull'd off, and he's turn'd out at doore.
Just as the Carrier deals with some old Jade,
That beaten out, at last, begins to fade,
And fail of Strength, strips off his tattered hide,
And his old rotten carcals shewes aside.
Some great ones are (I know it well) so tickle,
Their love and favour, always is so sickle,
That if thou wilt not waste their worships pleasure,
And duely dance attendance at their pleasure,
Say as they say, and ever to their will,
But he're so base, thou live not subject still,
Some toy they'l take, for which they'l hate thee more
Then e're they lov'd thee in their lives before:
And some for promises may match the Devil,
When once, he would have tempted Christ to evil:
But (ah) their promises resemble well,
The floods and fruits of Tantalus in Hell,
That meet his mouth, and seeming touch do slip,
Recoyling back from his extended Lip:
Or Sodom's Apples, beautiful and fair,
That Touch'd, vanish into stinking Ayre:

The Worlds Anatomy.

Or if, perhaps, it be thy chance to find
Favour with one, that bears a noble mind,
Yet art thou not secure, there will not want,
Some sly insinuating Sycophant,
That with his wiles, can nimblly fetch about,
Some cunning flight, perhaps to work thee out;
And therefore whilst y Sun shines, make your hay,
Birds build your nests the Spring lasts noe for aye.

Apparel.

Had our first Parents, not presum'd to taste
Forbidden fruits, in mid' st of Eden plac't,
They both had naked liv'd, and near the less,
Not been ashamed of their nakedness;
But having tasted it, they quickip spide
Their shameful nakedness and it to hide,
They made them Coats, so that the clothes we weare,
Apparant marks of our rebellion are:
Therefore the Devil, as well may glory in
His boles and ha'bles, col's of his sin;
Or needy beggars, in their nasty raggs,
Whic onely serue to hide their ulcerous scabbs,
As we in Clothes, whic Adam first did frame,
Dare to hide, his more then beastly shame:
Besides all this, our fairest bodies are,
Over stinking channels, seem they ne're so faire;
Do but consider all those Excrements,
That have their rassage, through the bodies vents,
From Ears, Mouth, Nostrills, Fundament & Eyes,
From Fingers, Toes, and from our Privities,
And thou shalt see, that never dunghill was,
Hulke part so loathsome, stinking, vile and base;
And yet how we, with gaudy bravery,
Those rotten bodies strive to beautifie?

Now

Marie.

Maurice.

The Worlds Anatomy.

Now in Apparel, we delight, and glory,
Which rather bringing to our minds the story,
Of our first, woful fall, should ever be
Notis to teach us, true humilitie :
We wear not Garments for necessity,
Nor yet for handsome, comely decency ;
No, this were tollerable, we abound
With vain excess, unstock, nay, sell our ground
To Cloath our backs ; A thousand Apish fashions
We borrow every day from Forain Nations :
Say, lute, I think, our women had a fashion,
That ne're before was known to any Nation,
Such was their monstrous pride, not long ago,
Halfe men, halfe women, they appear'd in shew,
That had a stranger seen them, he would swear,
Our English Women, metamorphis'd were
Into Hermophrodites ; Oh, lay aside,
Cast off your monstrous, garish, whorish pride,
And call to mind the fearful punishment,
That once for pride, was from Jehovah sent
On Sion's Daughters ; think ye do behold
Those beauteous Damsels cloath'd in cloth of gold,
With Rubies, Saphires, Carbuncles throughout,
And Diamonds, most richly set about,
And other Orient Pearls, whose shining light,
Expel'd the darknes of the gloomy Night,
And seem'd in brightness, with their fiery Gleams,
To match Apollo's brightest lightest beams,
With Doours so perfum'd, that every where,
Their sweet perfumes gave sweetnes to the Aire,
Their borrowed heads, full nicely curl'd about
Their Crisped Locks, lasciviously lay'd out ;
And in their Crisped, Curled, Powdered Haire,
Rich Jewels dangling, and at either Ear

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The Worlds Anatomy.

A Spangled Cōte, down from their heads behnd,
Wpon their shoulders, waving with the wind;
And with a thousand other trickes beside,
To garnish out their too excessive pride.
We think ye see, these haughty Dames again
In woful wretched case, lyre, dre, complain,
Their heads all bald, & blain'd, with stinking scabbs,
Theire bodies bare, but for some tattered raggs;
Now what I shime to speak, their privities
Laid open to the sight of all mens Eyes;
Thus God in thy justly punish your excess,
Your pride as great how can your plague be less?
Besides, we borrow all from other creatures,
Wherewith we stribbe so to adorn our features:
From some, our silks; from others, swæt perfumes;
From sheep, our wool; from birds we borrow plumes
Pearls from the shell fish; & from earths base mould,
Our ashe-pale Silver, and our Orient Guld:
Therefore as some poor Maid, that wants array,
To trim her self upon her Pupcial day,
Is forc't to try her friends; one she intreats
For stockings, shos; and from another gets
A hat, or gowne; A payre of glovys one lends her,
A neat set Ruffe, and Cuffe another lends her;
Here one thing, there another she doth borrow,
Wherewith she's neatly trim'd; but on the morrow
All fetch their own again; and then the Bride,
Poor Bride, quite stript of all her borrowed pride,
Is left in raggs: Or els. as Aesops Crow,
That up and down, from bird to bird did go,
And from each one, a feather stribt away,
Wherewith her self she trimly did array:
Proud of her Colours, she began to brabe,
And saucily, calls every one, Knave, Knave:

The Worlds Anomy.

But every Bird his feather fetcht again,
And then the Crow, stark naked did remain :
The naked Cow, all scornfully deride,
That etc' st so gloriid in her Tha'dish pride. 16170
Thus should each creature from us fetch their own, 16170
We should be nak'd, our pride would all be gon : 16170
And certaintly, the time shall come at last,
When these our bodies, shall be naked cast
Into a stinking Glad, where they shall lye,
Moulding to dust, rot, stink, and puerifie,
Till (oh most loathsome) mouth, and nose, & eyes,
Be fill'd with dirt, till hands, armes, legs, & thighes
Be all consum'd, that nothing shall appear,
Except, a hollow skull, and bones all bare,
That who so living, were enamor'd on thee,
Shall tremble then but once to look upon thee ;
Oh ugly sight, the ugly croaking Loade,
Within the hollow skull, shall have aboade ;
The belly once, so curiously fed,
With crawling wormes, shall be replenished,
And in the reins, that harbour'd once the seed
Of wanton lust, the Serpent then shall breed ;
Our proudest MINTONS, this shall once be tide,
This is the end of all our vaunting pride.

Building.

What needless cost is layd out now a daies ?
What glorious Buildings, sumptuously to rase,
Fair Housis now, are every where erected,
But Hospitality is quite neglected ;
The Poor may starve, unless they'l feed upon
Fair walls, fair Pictures, Morter, Lime, & Stone,
When Christ was hungry, Satan (as we reade)
Advised him, to turn Stones into Bread :

But

1620
The Worlds' Anotomy.

But as of purpose, now our mighty ones,
To thwart the Devil, turn bread into stoncs :
Oy strange ! that in the Devil appeared then
Moze Charity, then now in Gentlemen :
And yet our gloriouſ Buildings are but vain,
No ſooner rais'd, but quickly raz'd again.
Where are the wonders of our former dayes ?
Brazen Colouſſus, huge Pyramides,
Ly' Ephesian Temple, and that mighty frame
Founded and finiſh't by ly' Aſſirian Dame ;
Statue of Jupiter, Mausolus Tombe,
Pharao's high Tower, What is of theſe become ?
Go, aske their ruines, and they all will ſay,
That ſtateleſt Monuments muſt once decay ?
The lovely Swaine, now keeps his bleating ſheep,
The Plowman, with his culure, furrows deep :
There now grows Grass, & ſtinking weeds, & wood,
Where ſtately Towns, and famous Cities stood :
And where the Lute, Harp, Hackbut, Psalterie
Were wont to ſound, with heavenly harmony ;
There now the purblnd, ſhrieking, luckleſs Owl,
With hideous noyls, her diſmal ſongs doth howl.
How many Cities, haue been overthrown,
By force of Armes ? How many swallowed down
In earths vast womb ? How many burnt to aſhes ?
How many turned into water plashcs ?
Behold the glory of Jerusalem,
The chieleſt mirrour, and the choyleſt gemme
Of all the world ; behold her maſſie walls,
Her marbled paved ſtreets, her ſpacious halls,
Her beauteous gates, her heavens high kiffing towers,
Her pleasant gardens, ſweet and ſhady bowers,
Her ſacred Temple, where the mighty God,
And Lord of Lords, was pleas'd to make abode.

And

most men men.

morning

The Worlds Anotomy.

And ebery place all glortous to behold,
Most brightly shining with resulgent Gold;
Behold again, her walls all overthrown,
Scarce to be saen, A stone upon a stone,
Her Streets all fill'd with murther'd corps, whose
Fills every channel with a scarlet blood; (blood
Her sumptuous buildings, flaming all with fire,
Whose pitchy smoak makes heavens bright light
Whose crackling flashes spring up to y sky, (retire,
Whist Lyles and Slates like thunderbolts do fly.
Till Temple, houses, towers, spires, once so faire,
All, all entomb'd in their own ashes are:
If e're you hear this, without weeping Eyes,
Your hearts are harder, then their enimis.
How was faire Sodome all to ashes burn'd?
And to a standing stinking puddle turn'd.
Within whose banks, & on whose parched shore,
Nor fish, nor fowle, nor beast can live no more,
Then if they had their habitation
In Aena's Mount, or in the Torrid Zaan:
These, with a thousand mo can testifie,
That Cities, even as men, at last must die,
Once was the world with swelling waters drown'd
To quench the heat of lust that did abound:
And once again, it must be burnt by fire,
The key cold coals of lobe, to re-inspire.
O seaful sight, this Universal frame,
With raging fire, on evry side shall flame.
For as the world was once an Ocean vast;
Even so a bonfire shall it be at last.
What then at best, are all our Towns and Towers,
Strong bulwarks, castles, sumptuous pleasant bowers?
What are they all? nought els but heaps of mice,
Once to be burnt, with the all burning fire.

Peasing.

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The Worlds Anotomy.

Feasting.

Though many silly Creatures dayly starve
For want of food, he should their lives preserue
Though holy writ affirme, that Gluttony,
Is palpable, and grosse Idolatry,
Wiles then Heathenish: Heathens do implore
Evil gods of Gold; bare belly gods adore
Their beastly Bellies, which are meekly sinks
Of loathsome stench, and most offensive stinks:
Though Nature, with a litle, be content,
Had our forefathers, for their nourishmene,
Did feed on roots; yet now, such is our care,
To glut the belly with delicious fare,
That what y' earth, through all her spacious fields
Did what so e're the Aery Region yelds,
The swet fresh Rivers, and the brinie seas,
Can scarce suffice our appetite to please:
Oh men, more senseless then the brutish beast,
That eat your selves, to make the worms a Feast,
Remember how the greedy glutton here,
Did dayly glut himself with dainty cheare:
But now he fasts, his feasting dayes are spent,
Win'd with the famine of a long lean Lent;
Woyling he lyes the fiery flamen among,
And now wants water, but to cool his Tongue
He whose full-gorged Gut, could never spare,
So much as Crumbs from his superfluous fare,
His brothers hungry body to sustain;
How beggs for water, yet he beggs in vain.
How many thousand thousands, that once fed
On choallest meats, have been so famished
For want of food, that they in all mens eyes,
Seem'd gasty Ghosts, and grim Anatomies?

The Worlds Anatomy.

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For want of food, they fed on Dogs and Cats,
Flies, Maggots, Serpents, Spiders, Mice, & Rats.
The dung of beasts, and one anothers dung,
Ye, their own flesh, and Mothers ate their young.
And at the last, even whilst for food they cryde,
For want of food, they miserably dyde.

But now my trembling hand, begins to shaks
Through all my boor, every limbe boch queke,
My tender hatre begins with dismal dread,
To start up right on my amazed head ;
A sudden horour strangely hath begun,
To stay the passage of my stammering Tongue,
A sea of tears, my blubbering eyes, both blears,
For now at Salem's Siege, me thinks I heare
A Noble Lady, that for want of meat,
Her onely Sonne, was foyt, to kill and eate ;
She tanks I heare her thus complain and say,
Ah fatal times ! ah wretched dismal day !

A day unparaleld for matchless sorrow,
How long shall I, in vain, expect a morrow ?
What restless grief do I indure ? What pain ?
Mine eyes are dimme with tears, but tears are vain,
Unless with tears I could transformed be

Into a Stone ; with weeping Niöber,
So metomorphos'd, I might sensless lie,
Insensible of this my misery.

But I am plung'd in hopeless gulf of grief,
Nor means I see, which way to find relief :
I, I, that once on choisest dainties fed,
Now sigh, and weep, and pine for want of bread.
For want of bread ? Nay, happy might I dine
But with the draf that others cast to Swine :
O that some little Mouse, would bring me hither
Some mouldy crust, some withered piece of leacher,

Ed. Whetstone

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The Worlds Anotomy.

Or some small craps of dunge ; could I but find
These now, would be more wellcome to my mind,
Then all the dainties, that did once delight,
With curious taste, my costly appetite.
But I, poor I, may not thus happy be,
A wretched happiness, and yet deny'd to me :
Ye happy ones, whom the seditious crew
Already hath dispatcht, I envy you.
What though no sumptuous Sepilchre ye have ?
Tush, heaven covers him that wants a grave :
I bear about, (such is my woful doom)
A living soul, within a liveless Tombe.
What though ye scattered lye in every street,
Spurn'd, kickt, and trampled on with barbarous feet ?
Tush, tush, ye feel no pain, whil't wretched I,
Cannot indure my deadly pain, nor die.
What though the cruel Tyrants, did embrue
Their hands in your goare blood ; yet happy you
You dyed but once, whil't miserably I,
In lingring life, a thousand deaths do die.
Your death was speedy, but my tedious breath,
Doth make my life, even a continual death.
But what avail these Aery plaints and moans,
My blubring tears, and mine unceasant groans ?
Why rather seek I not for remedy,
To help my almost helpless misery ?
Ah, seek I may ; but what (alas) prevails,
To seek for food, where all provision fails ?
Through all the Town, now not in any house
Is to be found Dog, Cat or Rat, or Mouse :
Long since the Souldiers, murthered one another,
For stinking carrion ; brother kill'd his brother ;
Nought now remains, unless that I should eat
The bare and naked walls, in stead of Meat ;

The Worlds Anotomy.

No means, I see, but I must eat for food,
My trembling flesh, and drink my luke-warm blood
To stanch mine hunger, these mine arms shall bleed,
And with my self, mine own dear self I'll feed ;
But this (alas) will yeild me small relief,
But aggravate, and still prolong my grief.

With that, she slowly rows her heavy eyes
Upon her Son, that almost breathless lies
For want of food ; And thus she speaks, My Boy,
Ah my dear Child, sometimes my hearts sweet joy.
By Natures Laws, by Heaven and Earth I vow,
By that great God, to whom all things do bow,
By all that's call'd Divine, that could but I
Preserve thy life, my Babe, thou shouldest not dye ;
But now, the famine's every where so great,
To save thy life, there is no hope of Meat,
Needs thou must dye, and since a Sepulcher
Cannot be had, my Babe, I'll thee interr
In mine own wombe, the very self same wombe,
That gave thee life, shall be thy living Tombe ;
Thou, by thy death, thy Mothers life shalt save,
Thy living Mother, shall become thy Grave,
In this my wombe, at first thou had'st thy breeding,
And, from my luke-warme blood, thy tender feeding ;
Now feed thou me again, give life to me,
As once, my Babe, I did give life to thee.

With that, she takes him, ayming with her kniffe,
Quickly to finish, her dear Babies life :
But in her armes, the Child begins to plead,
With sighs, and cryes, Deare Mother, Mother bread,
Kisses, and huggs her, stroaks her face and eyes,
And then, with faint and feble voyce, He cryes,
Ah Mother, Mother, must your Baby dye
For want of food, and you, deare Mother by ?

The Worlds Anotomy.

My wretched life, dear Mother, either save,
Or take away the life that once you gave.

At sound of which sad words, a sea of tears,
Gush from her eyes, the tears her flesh and hates,
Loen wings her bloodless hands, & on the ground,
She groveling falleth in a deadly swound:

But when return'd, into the Ayre she cast
Deep sighs; and sighing, thus she spake at last,
Wil't be no better? and needs must I kill
Mine onely Child, my hungry Maw to fill?

Oh, how the world will in succeeding time,
Amazed stand, at this my bloody crime.

Whilst thred-bare Fidlers, with a creaking breast,
Houl out my Story at each Country Feast;
And whilst the Mother dandles on her Knee,
Her lovely Babe, with her sweet lullabie,
To fright her Babe, shee'l tell what I have done,
How with mine hand, I butcher'd mine own Son.

The Pelican, with her own vital blood,
Restoreth life unto her liveless brood,
She gives them life, by her self forced death,
She dies her self, to re-instore them breath.

But I must kill my Child, to keep alive
My self, thus must my dying life revive,
And in his blood, unnaturally defil'd,
Must drink the blood of mine own natural Child.
Bears, Lyons, Tygers, hear the empty cry,
And fill the bowels of their tender fry.

But I unhappy wretch, more cruel far,
Then either Lyons, Bears, or Tygars are:
Ye Gods above, ye powers Cælestial,
Here, here to witness, I invoke you all,
By lawless Famine am constrain'd unto
A deed, which savage beasts would dread to do.

Blash

The Worlds Anotomy.

Blush Phœbus, blush, withdraw thy light, and shroud
Thy goulden head within some foggy Cloud : 2
Thou nights pale Queer, ye twinkling Stars so brighte,
Bury your selves in a Cymmerian night, 4
See not this deed ; And at that very word,
Turning a^tde, she sheathes a harmful sword
In her Dons harmeless breast, where out apace,
As in revenge, the blood spins in her face,
But quickly faint, falls fable to the Ground,
His frighted soul flies through the gaping wound,
And with it, life, that livelss all he lay,
And soon his livelss corps she bears away,
Cuts them in Goblets, part whereof she boyles,
Another part she roasts, and eat she boyles
For hast on red hot Coales ; and therewithal,
She gluts her self, even like a Canibal :
Thou curios Palace, Epicurean Gut,
Eat with delicious fare, dest dayly glut
Thy pampered pance, remember this last Story,
And think how sickle, and how transitory,
This pleasure is. But now, to stay no more
Upon particulars, as heretofore.

First.

Y^Eeld, some Pandoras, in which ore along,
In amplest sort, might have conuencon,
All earthly gifts of chiefeſt valuation,
Which gain to mortals greatest admiration,
Yield him, for Art, for Wit, so eminent,
That he may seem, a perfect continent,
Of thole rich dowries, wherewith we do find,
That Art, and Nature, can adorn the mind :
And since that vertues, euer lovely creature,
Is much more lovely, in a lovely creature,

the world's anatomy. Anatomy

The Worlds Anatomy.

Tell him so fair, that not Apollos Rayes,
Nor fair Aurora's blush, deserves more praise,
Each way so lovely to the lookers on,
That Nature never fram'd his Paragon,
So rare, so perfect in each several Limbe,
That Art it self, can add nothing to him :
Yea, add to this, that as sole Monarch he,
Of this whole Universe shold crowned be,
And force perforce, of his most aweful hand,
Wassals to his Imperious command,
The greatest worthies through the spacious
And boundless limits of Oceanus,
Trample on Scepters, and the necks of Kings,
And with a kick, concoul all mortal things ;
Cloathed with Purple, Scarlet, Silver, Silk,
With cloath of Gold, and linnens white as milk,
Bespangled round with Pearls most precious,
Pertun'd with Dynements odoriferous,
Fed with pure Nectar and Ambrosia,
Accended with a Train in rich array,
Surpassing much each way in mortal Pride
Great Xerxes Army, that whole Rivers dried ;
Yet he may lose all this in one poor hout,
Both Art, Wit, Riches, Beauty, Pleasure, Power,
Thus can the World no good assurance make,
It gives but what, it once again must take.

Secondly.

And all the Worlds best fortunes, never can
Fully content the boundless heart of man ;
But as the worlds great universal Boat,
Amidst the surging waves, did restles float,
Lost up and down, till it arrived at
The high Shie kisling Mountain Arrarat :

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The Worlds Anatomy. 1708
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¶ as the Dove, that from the Ark was sent,
To view the worlds vast watry continent,
About the Ocean, wandered here and there
Restless, a place of rest sought far and near,
But none she found, through all the watry main,
Till she, unto the Ark, return'd again.
Even thus the soul, within this bale of woe,
From place to place, doth wander too and fro,
She swiftly posseth with a spedy wing,
And seeks content from every Mortal thing ;
But never finds she any true content,
Till she return, from whence, she first was sent.
Lord thou hast made us for thy self alone,
No rest we find, till unto thee we come :
All things unto their proper place do move,
Earth downward falls, but fire still mounts above,
Even so the soul, doth naturally aspire,
To God, the Center, of her whole desire :
When, at the first, that wise, all good Creator,
Did from the vast, and indigested matter,
With curious skill, Create the glorious frame
Of heaven and earth, and all things in the same ;
He never rested from his work begun,
Till Man was made, of all his works the sum :
Thereby to teach us, that Man only can,
Find rest in God, as God found rest in Man.
How many a greedy miserable Chuff,
That of this worldly Treasure hath enough,
And much too much ? His coffers fill'd with gold,
With grain his garners, and with sheep his fould ;
His grounds ful fraught, who he have neither brother
Nor Son, nor Daughter, kinsman, one, or other,
To Heire his wealth ? yet still, How doth he toyle,
With tooth and nail, run, ride, and drudge, & mayle,
Through

The Worlds Anotomy.

Through thick & thin, through drizzling flæt & snow,
Whether it rain, or hayl, or freeze, or blow :
How hard his lodging, and how gross his fare ?
How thin his garments are, how coarse and bare ?
How short his stæp, and all to scrape together,
More care of wealth? when yet, he knows not where
A stranger shall possess it : thus too: G.f., ther
To heap up worldly goods, he wrongs himself.
What greedy wiser, ever had such care,
That pin'd in plenty, wist not still for more ?
They want in wealth, like Tantalus accurst,
That stands in midst of floods, and yet's a thirst;
Drink only makes, the opposite man, more dry;
Wood feeds the fire, and makes it flame more high :
So, more abundance, worldly men possess,
The more they covet after vain excess.
What if thou shouldest enjoy all earthly treasures,
And bathe thy self, in Epicurian pleasures,
Of every kind; command the heavens swift motion
The raging billows of the roaring Ocean ;
And all the savage train, that hants the mountains,
Sylvanus Nekton, and the liquid fountains.
What if thou shouldest as sole, and Sovereign King
Command the homage of each mortal thing ?
All this would not content the ; thy desire
To greater happiness, would still aspire :
So generous is the soul, that her intent,
Woon the chiefeſt good is wholly bent,
And never fully can contented be,
But with that heighe of true felicity :
And therefore never, never can the mind,
In all the world a full contentment find.

Thirdly.

Thomas

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The Worlds Anatomy.

Thirdly.

No, no, this world in stead of true content,
With much vexation, doth the mind torment
With cares, fears, griefs, and thousand sad annoygs;
Whereby, the soul is rob'd of all her joys :
Three Furies only are, they say, in Hell,
Three thousand surely, in a worldling dwell :
For as a Vulture, on Prometheus heare
Is dayly said to gnaw, such is the smart
That worldlings feel, their grief, their care, their fear
Their restless heart, doth like a Vulture tear ;
When worldlings death noe, by experiance know,
That care's, and riches, kill togethee go.
What restless pains, do men endure, to strive
In worldly wealth ? How do they sudely ride,
And rend the Bosome of our Mother Earth,
From whitch, at first, we all receiv'd our birth,
And ransack depp her bowels, whilst they fear,
Each houre alive, to be incomb'd ther ?
How do they early rise, and late take rest,
Tost with the cares of an unquiet brest ?
How do they drudge, and toyl, and run, and ride,
And boylse on unknowne seas through wind & tide
In floder Warks, whilke Thetis waery womb,
Dech hourly threaten to become their Tombe ?
And when some Chuff, with all his toyl and pain,
Hath heap's up to himself great stoe of gain,
His care's as great, to keepe, what he hath got,
As were his pains, when once he had it noe.
The empty Traveller, dare sit and sing
Before the Thiefe, this man fears ebery shing,
With jealous breast, suspecting ebery ons,
Fears wher's there is no fear, and trusteth none ;

The World s Anatomy.

At shaking of each bough, and at the sight
Of his own shadow, trembles; and when nighte
Do's all the world, doth spread her sable wing,
And in deep silence locks up every thing:
When wolves, bears, lyons, & each ravenous beast
Sleep in their dens, and each bird in her nest:
When every labouring wight, lockt in the Armes
Of his dear Mate, with sweet embracing charmes;
Doch rest his weary limbs, all void of care,
And heart consuming grief, when all things are
At quiet rest, he on his careful bed
Can take no rest, but with a musing head,
Losses and turns; or if his Eyes behold
Some little rest, he then, dreams on his Gold,
Starts at each little noyse, thinks every pause
To be some Thiefe, that comes to rob his house:
And when upon his death-bed he shall lye,
And see there is no hope but he must dye,
Oh then, how will it grieve, and vex his heart,
To think that with his Riches he must part,
Whitch better, then his God, he alwayes lob'd,
And for his chiefeſt happiness, approb'd?
Thus Riches at the firſt, are got with pain,
They're kept with care, and lost with grief again;
And mighty Kings, that golden Crowns do weare,
A greater burthen, then great Atlas bare.
The faireſt Rose, with thorns, is ſene't about,
In flowrie Meadows, poſtuous ſerpents ſkout:
The cleareſt Springſ, with mud infect'd are,
The Golden Crown, is linde with leaden care;
Kings are, or ſhould be, like the Candle bright,
That waſt's it ſelf, to giue to others light.
In Golden Platters, often times they eat,
Some deadly poſon, mixt with paſtyn meat;

D:

The Worlds Anatomy.

Dr. els at unawares, they often sup,
Some popynous Potion in a Golden Cup:
They sleep in danger, rise again in fear,
Even of their friends, a jealous mind, they bear,
Though guarded round, with many an armed knight
Yet fear they many moe, then they affright,
Damocles, saing, on a solemn day,
King Dyonisius, in his rich array,
And solentne pomp, as all amaz'd thereat,
Cryde out aloud, Oh, Man most fortunate.
Which thing, as soon as Dyonisius heard,
He caus'd a sumptuous Banquet be prepar'd,
And set before him, where in pomp he sate,
Princeely attended, in his Chaire of State;
But caus'd a Sword be hang'd up in a haire,
Just o're his head; that struck him with such feare,
That all amaz'd he sate, and could not eat,
Of all his dainty Cheare, one bit of Meat:
Then smiling, said the King, My life is such,
Which thou poor silly Man, admir'd so much;
O ten, ten thousand times more happy he.
That in some slender Coteage, alwayes free
From Sevre Affaires, sits by his quiet fire,
That hath but little, nor doth much desire:
He starts not at the noyse of thundring Drums,
Nor curiously enquires, who goes or comes:
He feeds on mean, but unsuspected dyet,
No sudden news doth interrupte his quiet:
To keep his person, from suspected danger,
He craves no Guard, fears neither forraign strangers,
Nor home-bred foe; but fearless soundly sleeps,
Whilst his own Conscience, his own Cottago keeps;
And with his Mate, though not like mighty ones,
Loaden with Golden Chains, and Precious Stoges;

The Worlds Anotomy.

But comely Cloath'd in handsome Country Gray,
He walks his fragrant Meadows, day by day,
Where hand in hand, they drive their hopeful flocks,
To sweet fresh Streams, distilling from the Rocks,
Whilst chearful chirping birds, each even and morrow,
With sweet harmonious Tunes, beguile their sorrow:
Hence greatest Kings, have wisht for Shepheards lives,
And greatest Ladies, envied Shepheards Wives.

Fourthly.

BE持s, the worlds best fortunes, are but base,
With Noble minds, held euer in disgrace,
And slighted much: the holy Apostle Paul,
But even as loathsome dung, esteem'd them all.
The Ancient Christians, as we understand,
To help their Brethren, could both house and land;
Then brought the price, & as they thought it mæc,
They cast it down, even at the Apostles feet: *Act 4.35.*
As if, that true Heroicke spirits should
No more esteem of Silver, and of Gold,
Which grædy Misers, so much doce upon,
But basely to be trod, and crampled on:
What is our Silver, and our pretious Gold,
But only dregs, and dross, of earths base mould?
What are our Silks, but onely excrements,
Which from her wombe, y shining silk-worm vent?
What now is Honour, but a naked name,
A Title dearly bought, to purchase Fame?
Which others, though men dearly do it buy,
Give as they please, or as they please, dente.
And what is Fame? A blast of vulgar breath,
Which often in a moment vanishest.
Beauty is nothing, but a lump of Clay,
Faire flourisht o're, chat quickly fades away.

Ms.

The Worlds Anotomy.

Pea, what are all the Kingdoms of the world?
For which great Monarchs, often have been burl'd
To foul disgrace, and which they have not stood,
To purchase dear, even with huge seas of blood,
Wherin, vain Man, so much delights and glories,
For which the world, is fill'd with tragick stories;
What are they all? wrought els but dure and misse,
Trampled by beasts, which Men so much desire.

Fifthly.

And these base fortunes, for the greatest part,
Are dayly heap't on Men of least desert;
The worthiest Men, worst entertainment find,
The world still frowns, upon the worthy mind.
Damn'd Dives Feasts, whilst Lazarus full of sores,
For want of Crums lies starv'g at his dores.
Of all the twelve, the Traytor Judas bears
The Stewards bag: And bloody Herod wears
The regal Crown; whil'st Christ the King of heaven
Injuriously, is of his Crown bereaven.
Bale Barabbas, is set at liberty,
Whil'st blessed Jesus, hangs upon a tree:
And Pilate sits as Judge, whil'st wrongfully,
The Judge of heaven and earth, is Judg'd to die.
H'rd racking Landlords, griping Usurpers,
D'fambling Brokers, bribing Officers;
Church-robbing Patrons, greedy Cormorants,
Fraudulent Tradesmen, fawning Hycopines;
Hale Tongued Lawyers, with a thousand moe,
That neither Conscience, nor Religion know,
Whil'se lives are so notoriously evill;
As though they neither dream'd of God nor Devil,
Nor Heaven nor Hell, these often courtsh, when
True Religious, conscientable men,

The Worlds Anotomy.

Are often forced for their honesty,
To spend, and end their dayes, in poverty :
Whilst Homer stands without, a blockish Ass,
Loaden with Gold, with Cap and Kne, may pass :
And can it chuse, but burst a generous heart,
When Men are priz'd by wealth, not by descent.
Lush, What if thou for tricks of Knavery,
Hast been advanced to the Pillory ?
Or els perhaps, for Perjurie hath lost
Thine Ears, and so been dubb'd Knight of the Post,
For some foul Rape. Arraigned at the Bar,
Or chance to lose thy Limbs in Venus war :
Or could thy Wilts to be some great Mans Whore,
And hood thy self, for Pandor at the doore :
Yet if thou hast but got the Goulden Prize,
Thou art the Man, admir'd in all Mens Eyes ;
And shall in every place adored be,
Like Horeb's Goulden Calf, with Cap and Kne :
When others, full of vertuous qualities,
That loath and scorn, such hateful Villanies ;
Yet wanting Mealeb, shall be but counted base,
And every where, be slighted with disgrace.
Those that can sooth and smooth a great Mans folly,
And though he be most heathen, swears he's holy,
Applaud his actions, be they ne're so vile, (smile,
Frown where he frowns, smile where he's pleas'd to
Swear what he speaks, and like a shadow still,
Conforme themselves in all things to his will ;
Those he respects, when such as scorn to shirk
From naked truth, or at high Noon to wink ;
Speak what other think not, o: to stain their mind
With such base flattery, small regard shall find.
By base, base world, when fawning flattery,
Is thus prefer'd, before true honesty.

Sixthly.

and and
24 The Worlds Anotomy: 25

416 56 Sixthly. 48 8

A nd most grow worse, as usually we see,
The more they flourish with prosperity: (weights
The Palme spreads most, when most opprest with
The pruned Wine doth most extend his height,
Amidst sharpe thornes, the milk-white Lilly grows
From bruised Spices, swætest Odours flows:
Though fenc't about with pricks, y red rose springs
In roughest stormes, the Syren sweetest sings:
The Stars shine brightest in a winters Nighe,
And in Affliction, vertue shines most bright:
But when once plenty, and abundance swayes,
Vice soon bounds, and vertue soon decays:
The fatted Dre grown wanton, leaps and strikes,
Casteth his yoke, and at his keeper kicks:
The earth with Manure over-fatted, breeds
Less store of Corn, but greater store of weeds:
We hap our garments close in blustering cold,
Which we again, in Sunny gales unfold:
So many have, in Sharp Afflictions woe
To all cras goodness, been affected so,
That in the same, they have untainted blood,
Ready to seal it with their dearest blood;
Which in the Sunny gales of y prosperous weal,
Did after in the same most foully fall.
The Lepers clea'nd, forget to praise the Lord;
Diseas'd they cry for help with one accord.
The Prodigal in wealth, doth quite disdain
His Fathers house; in want comes home again.
David afflicted, spares his deadly foe; soul.
But after works his dearn friends overthrow. Uriah.
Upon a dunghil Job triumphing lies;
Adam is conquered in his Paradise.

The

The Worlds Anotomy.

The tallest Trees, are often barren found,
When those that grow below, with fruit abound:
The Mountains are but barren heaps, and dry,
When Valles are fruitful, that beneath them lye;
The higher Men are borne aloft with state,
The lesse they pitie Men unfortunate.

The gourmandizing Glutton swels and puffs,

With davy Sursets, and still davy stuffs

This over-gluttred Vaunch, but never hears

The poor Mans cry; The belly hath no ears.

These Syon Princes, that at ease did lie

On Carved Beds of costly Ivory,

Parryng their boynes (free from boleful pains)

With sweet melodious musicks chosseyn strains,

Feasted with store of delicates, and Wine,

Whose faces did with chiefeſt Myntments shine;

They all did swim in pleasures, but not one

Brieved for Joseph's great affliction:

Come on, ye jovial Lads, come, come, say they,

Let's Feare, Carouse, Laugh, sport, sing care away;

Let's crown our dayes with Roses of the Prime,

And freely frolick out our jovial time;

So we may have our Pleasures, what care we,

Let Joseph hang, or begg, or starve, or dye.

How zealouslie affected some have seem'd,

And have amongst their Sect, been so esteem'd;

Rypling against our Prelats lassness,

Their Courting, Lording, Pride, and great excess,

Against the Cap, the Surplice, and the Cross,

As merrily superstitious, Romish drols:

How earnestly they stamp't, and star'd, and beat

The senceless Pulpit, till they broid and sweat;

Till at the laſt, Parfument having gain'd,

And so their long intended drift attain'd:

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The Worlds Anotomy.

As choak'd therewith, they bawl'd, nor rail'd no mote,
But then were dumbe, that made us deaf before :
But if they Reade this, will not they with me,
Because I speak thus much, offend'd be ?
Why let them be offend'd, fume and fare,
And do their worst, what do I need to care ?

Seventhly.

And what thing is so base, or vile to do,
That this base world allures not men unto ?
Blest were those dayes, wherein Astraea reign'd
In harmlets breasts of Men, as yet unstain'd
With harmful thoughts; oh then, how all content,
With what they did posses, liv'd innocent,
Free from oppression, and desire of blood,
Ambitious onely to excel in god ;
And so the mind of every one was set,
They onely got to live, not live to get :
Pure Conscience, and not base Matchiavel,
(Belching blasphemous Dracles from Hell,)
Was then their Guide, for none with subtile wile,
His simple Brother plotted to beguile :
There needed then no Laws, on force of pain,
The minds of Men from vices to restrain ;
For of their own accord, and not for fear,
All kind of Villaines Men did forbear :
But when base world, Men fell in love with the,
Then, then began all kind of Villanie.
Thou makes great Men, with sacrilegious hands,
To rob the Church of her own proper lands,
And other rights, whilst chose want dayly food,
That dayly labour for the Churches god :
See, make Gods House a Kennel for their dogs,
A stable for their beasts, a stie for hogs ;

And

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The Worlds Anotomy.

And (oh prophane) most rudely raze ic down,
And with thosse ruines, proudly raise their own :
It's thou, that makes oppressing Landlords ratse
Poor Tenants Rents, in these our wretched daies,
Without all pity, set them on the rack,
Stretch them, & wring them, til they break their back
And whilst eyg see, that all thngs els be fat,
Yet keepe their Tenants leane, be sure of that,
Like Wintners Caskes, now drenche out all their
And being empty, throw them out at doze, (doze,
Whch being done, then pull their houses down,
Till they at last, have turn'd a goodly Town
Into a Pasture, and in that same place,
(Ab-worul change) ther scurvie Cattel graze,
Where Christians once did dwell, and at their doz
Relieued, now the un-relieued poor.

Ye Messengers of God, that dayly bring
Lyngs of peace from heavens eternal King ;
Oh, how my very soul doth sigh and grieve,,
To think that you, who shoulde the poor relieue,
With liberal hands, can scarcely now contrive,
A course whereby to keepe your selbes alide ;
It's thought sufficient, if with all your care,
You can but get a Course, and slender fare,
A thread-bare Coat, a lodging cold and hard,
For your great pains, such is your small reward :
Whilst sacrilegious Patrons, dayly purse
Your Churches means, & with your means, a curse,
And how I pity you, poor silly Swains,
That once were wont to frolick on the Plains,
There, whilst your harmles shooes did sweetly saue,
All booyd of care, upon an O. ten Reed,
With curios descant, chanting heavenly layes,
And freely sporting out your Rebel dapes.

With

The Worlds Anotomy.

With harmless comfort, whilst each shady Tree
Nodded his head, as if your melody,
It well approu'd, and shaggy Satyres prane't
Along the platis, where you, the Morris danc't,
And on the banks of many a silver Spring,
The nymphs, and Muses late, to hear you sing:
But now, your motly platis and howry downes,
Are rudely trampled by uncivil Towns,
And each unhollowed foot, those Christal springs
Marshly resound, with fearful bellowings
Of savage beasts, and on the sporting green,
Nor nymph, nor Muse, nor Satyre now is seen;
The Datten Kedlyes mute, since to desray
Your hard rack't Kents, you're forced night & day
To drudge like beasts; and then alas to dine,
With drast, or Diffl, meeter far for Swine:
Whilst those great Lords, y now your lands possess,
Are dayly drown'd in Kyot and excess.
Ah might I see that day, that might restore
Your happy state, wherein you liv'd of yore;
But rather do I see, and sigh to see,
Your hapless state, past hope of remedy.
Thou mak'st the Usurer, if his debtor fail
But one bare houre, to cast him in the Gaol,
And let him there, in woful durance lye,
And rot above the ground, whilst miserably,
With sighs and groans, his wife and tender brood,
Breath out their fainting souls for want of food.
Thou, thou base world, so blinds the Judges eye,
That without Silver spectacles, he cannot see;
Nor can, without a Golden Care, pick, hear
A righful Cause, thou dost so deaf his Ear.
Thou for a bribe, dost make him wret the Laws,
To help the rich, and wrong the poor man's Cause;

F.

And

The world's Anatomy.

And care not to undo, without redress,
The helpless widow, and the fatherless ;
Yet then go sleep as soundly, as if he,
Had done some worthy work of Charity :
So that the Laws, may well resemble him,
To Spiders Webs, wherein the lesser Fly
Is caught, and hampers fast ; whereas the great
With small ado pulls down, and breaks the net.
Th' unconscionable Lawyer, thou dost make
With greedy hands, on both sides, Fees to take :
On th' one to speak the truth ; but on the other,
The truth in silence treacherously to smother,
Thou dulls him so, he cannot understand
A Cause, except he feel it, and his hand
With such an Itch thou dost infect, that he,
Without quick-silver, cannot cured be :
For M^r W^m, thou dost make him sell his Tongue,
And poor Pens Suits, from Term to Term pro-
T^ho^u he with many a fly & juggling cast, (long,
Like silly Julls, do send them home at last,
With heavier hearts, but with a lighter purse,
Their Case no better, rather much the worse :
For after many a long, and tedious Journyes,
To Sessions, Sizys, Counsellers, Accurnyes,
To fines of Court, to Courts of Westminster,
To^u like a Tennis ball from Bar to Bar,
With long attendance, many a Cap and Kne^t,
Many a false Bill, many a fruitless Fee,
Unable still to grease his scraping paws,
They're forc't among their friends to end the Cause.
Learn silly souls, learn sooner so to do.
So you may save your pains, and purses too.
Th' ambitious thou dost make, without all awe
Of Picture, Conscience, Duty, Friendship, Law,
Basely

The Worlds Anatomy.

Basely to act a thousand Villaines,
Stab, peyson, strangle, plot vile treacherites,
Add blood to blood, sparing nor friend, nor brother,
Nor stranger, kinsman, wife, nor child, nor mother,
But what so e're he is, that may oppose
His proud aspiring thoughts, down, down he goes,
Till at the last, he swim through seas of blood,
To his suppos'd, though false supposed good.
It's thou that makes the grævy Cormorant
Hoard up his Corn in scarcity and want,
As if he would the mice and Rats preser've,
Although the peo: for want of food shuld starve.
Thou makes Phisitions their sick Patiences kill
With lingring Cure, and sell the blood they spill;
They look not ouely to be fairly prayd,
For murthering Men, but also dearly payd:
Since then of blood, they no more conscience make,
West Phisick is, just none at all to take.
Thou makes the Chapman coz'n, lye, and swear,
Curse and forswear, that grief it is to hear;
And desperately, to damm his soul to Hell,
His insufficient, sleighty wares to sell,
And (out alas) my heart doth bleed for woe
Since Clergy Men thou hast besotted so,
That they'l not stick, with cursed Symony,
And to too shameless wilful perjury;
To buy the Church, that now scarce any may
Unlock the door, without a Golden Key;
Ah for their souls, whose charge ye undertake,
Since of your own, so slight account you make,
Wlike it is, that e're you should be known
Careful of theirs, that care not for your own,
And to conclude, for love of cursed Gain,
By kind of Villanie Men do refrain;

1010 now good
The Worlds Anatomy.

For lode of Cain, the brother sells his brother,
The Dre his Son, the Son his natural Mother ;
False hearted Husbands, sell their wedded wives
And wives bereave their husbands of their lives ;
For lode of Cain, we care not to undo
Our native Country, Friends, and Sovereign to
Sea, in a word, we stick not to deny
All Faith, Religion, and our God deie.
These, these base actions, and a thousand moe,
This wicked world allureth Men unto ;
So that the World is an Aegean Scavile,
Of thousand thousand vices, execrable.

End. 11. Eightly. come

A d last of all, What is this Worlds farewell ?
Alas, most woful, endless paths in Hell :
Some pass from pain, to pleasure ; some again
To pain from pleasure ; some from pain to pain.
The first are those, whom our most loving God,
Doth dayly challice with his sharp sweet rod,
And to his true Elizian fields, conveys
With weary steps, by rough and craggy wapes.
The next are those, that do with vain delights,
Dayly desire to glut their Appetites ;
And like the Glutton, in exceilive measure,
To bathe themselves in Epicurian pleasure :
But being dead, incontinent they go,
From these short pleasures to eternal wo.
The last are those, that beat their careful brains,
With restles thoughts, endure a world of pains,
Pinch back and belly, care not to prevent
Their Eyes of sleep, their souls of all content ;
Spend, and their dayes in miserable case,
To hoard up wealth, for their unthirsty race :

The World's Anatomy.

But after all their worldly care and pain,
Twice wretched they, poor souls are plung'd again
In endless pains, and to the truth to tell, 170
They buy a future, with a present Hell.
Of this dark world, this is the woful end,
He're look for better from a flattering friend:
Then shall their joyful times be turn'd into
Most lamentable sh:eks, and sighs of wo:
Their beds of Down, and Roabes of Princely die,
To scorching flames, their pleasant Harmonie
Of sweet Musick, to the pitious groans,
Howles, pells, and cryes of Devils & damned ones:
Their lustful obsec's to the ghastly night,
Of ugly fiends, and many a woful weight:
Their sweet perfumes, to a sulphurous stink,
Their bowts of wine, compounded costly drint,
To clouds of brinie tears; their dainty cheare,
To gnawing hunger; all their friends so dear
To fierce tormentors, and in ebery part,
Both souls and bodies must endure the smare
Of burning fire; at once, both freezing, frying
With heat, and cold, at once both living, dying;
These woful pains, and thousand thousand moe,
The damned suffer in that male of woe.
And though their pleasures, like a Golden dream,
Or fading flowers, or like a Sunnie gleame,
Are banisht quite, irrevocably past,
Yet those their torment shall for ever last;
Once plung'd in Hell, in vain they ever will,
What ne'res shall be, and what shall'e're be, nill.
As God is infinite, whom they offend,
So infinite their plagues, without an end:
So short, so swift are all their pleasures here;
So long, so lasting are their torment there.

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The Worlds Anatomy.

Then, might ite yete, at comentes be no more
Then dares of beaden, or sandes upon the shore,
Or drops of water in the Ocean deep,
Or piles of glass, or anye other heap
In headen and earth, then might they haue to see
The end of all their miserie :
But when so manye years are spent in woe,
A idylland trouallances as manye more,
Yet shall not then their painful paines be
Thus ends no nearer then when first begun,
If ye euer, ever, must they plagued be,
And never, never from their plagues be free,
Nor can a thousand worlds of Gold obtain
A no[n]e-peas freedom from that enuels pain,
For night and day, that cursed hellish row,
Lyes, lyves in fire, that never goeth out,
One drop of water Dives cannot get,
One minute to all wage his burning heat,
Oh then alas since we so much comune,
If but a finger, in the fire remain,
For ne kelle fyre, or being faire to lie
In Downy beds, or beds of Ivory,
With sweete Musick to delight the eare,
Or scarce an houre to hold out one year,
We shall see then enowre uncessantly,
Why and soul in quenchless flaines to lie ?
Which do exceed our earthly fire in heat,
As much as mannes vices do a counterfeit,
Any, shoulde in ten thousand years forsworn,
With all the treasures, that haue bee redynted,
Since first the world began, yet woulde all shone
Seem but faylings, to thos[e] endlesse mores,
The roiling stone of ruffe Sycphus,
Promethius Gallures, stoues of Tantalus.

